SHOW THYSELF A MAN!

Rev. Mr. Rugg Delivers a Practical Sermon to the Workingmen of Victoria.

His Views on Organization and What it Should be—The Workingman's Responsibility.

Rev. Mr. Rugg preached to a crowded congregation Sunday evening on the labor question, taking for his text—I. Kings, ii. 2., "I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong therefore and show thyself a man." Manhood is king, womanhood queen; wearing a crown may not mean ruling a kingdom; holding a sceptre does not always imply authority. The determinative quality is manhood. Without manhood the wearer of the crown is but the puppet of another's will. Without manhood to hold a sceptre is as useless as to own a ship without a helm; you may float around the harbor, but you can never make a prosperous voyage. King David left Solomon, his son, the kingdom with all its accumulated wealth and military power, but he recognizes that these do not constitute a king's greatness. That will depend on the manhood of the king. Without manhood he may belong to the royal family and by will of the father be seated on the throne, but he will not reign. With strongest manhood, though born in peasant cot and reared a shepherd lad, he yet may come to rule a nation with undisputed sway. So David, in his final exhortation to his son, beseches him to show himself a man. By manhood, he, the shepherd lad, came to the throne. By manhood's power must his son hold the throne his father won. He must show himself a man.

To-day themen of truest manhood reign. It may not always so appear. Sometimes weakness seems enthroned, vice and shame appear crowned, but if we could see back of the seeming, behold things as they are and not as they appear, we should find that sturdy manhood still holds the sceptre. Not seated on thrones, but ruling those who are; not wearing crowns, but controling those who do; not in the sight of the people, but of God they reign. True manhood is the grandest sight this earth displays. To develop true manhood is grander than to win a throne. To show one's self a man is better and grander than to wear a crown. Titles and honors without the ennobled life are bubbles filled with air. The grandest title God ever gave to humanity rested upon his manhood. And God said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness—and man became a living soul." It was God's crowning work, and the highest dignity to which this work could attain was truest manhood, "a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. The development of this manhood until it reaches the perfection of the ideal man is God's purpose. To be strong and show ourselves men is His requirement. All that helps to this end is to be commended. Because the three fold division of time into equal portions for labor, rest and development of truest manhood, thinking men are coming more and more to advocate it as the ideal condition.

Whatever tends to the highest development of mankind belongs to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as such becomes an appropriate subject for His ministers to discuss. From this point of view I desire to-night to consider the question of eight hours being the ideal length of the working day. I propose, first, to consider some of the reasons why such a request is made by the workingmen to-day; and, secondly, some of the means by which they can obtain that request. I speak upon this subject not only as a minister but also as a citizen who is interested in all these great economical questions so vitally affecting society to-day. One qualification I may have to-night for speaking to members of the Trades Assembly lies in the fact that my study of the question has been that practical one of a personal experience. When but a lad I left the farm and entered the shop, and was advanced in position until I occupied the place of foreman. My knowledge has thus been experimental and practical. I have also examined the question from the point of view of the student, and, according to popular estimation, from that of an outsider. So, while this night I speak as requested as a minister, I trust my thoughts may be so formed from careful observation and practical experience that my words may be intelligent and safe. The question of the importance of labor, its dignity and nobility I shall not consider at length. Its importance was set forth when the Creator ordained it the means by which man should obtain his daily bread. The dignity of labor was put beyond Cavil when Christ declared, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The patent of nobility was conferred on the labourer when the Prince of Heaven became the carpenter of Nazareth. The question is simply this, what proportion of time should be given to toil? While not believing it possible to fix any unalterable law because of varying conditions, I do believe there are certain general principles we may consider and from them draw our conclusion of the ideal to be sought. The physical nature of man demanding its proportion of rest; the social, intellectual, and spiritual faculties of man demanding their time for exercise and training seem to warrant us in concluding that the highest development of manhood cannot be obtained if over eight hours are given to daily toil.

The character of the age in which we live makes this demand of the working men for shorter days of labor needful and timely.

1. The haste of modern life demands it. We live in a fast age. It has been the age of steam; it is now the age of electricity. Fifty years ago we took six months to cross the continent, now we do it in six days. Cities used to be the growth of centuries, now of months. Early great public enterprises were the work of generations, now we see them in a few brief weeks. Once a man ranked as intelligent if he could read his bible and sign his will. Now our children are crammed with the sciences. We live, counting by attainments, more in a year now than our grandfathers did in a decade. It takes nervous energy, life force, to stand the work of living in this last half of the 19th century. In the drive of daily work, life is drawn to a higher tension. The higher strain demands a longer relaxation.

2. Modern invention makes shorter hours of labor possible, and consequently the demand opportune. This needs no discussion. It is a well known fact that in nearly every sphere of labor man's efficiency is multiplied many fold by the use of modern machinery. Society can well afford to give her workers more time for rest and study.

3. The character of work to-day makes imperative the demand for fewer hours of labor. Formerly, the artisan had variety in his work. He must learn every part connected with his trade. He must be ready at any time to do any portion assigned. One time at this branch, another at that; there was variety, change, demanding thought tending to general development. Modern tendency has been to so divide the work as to make specialists of the workmen. One man does the same thing over and over again, until it becomes a second nature, and he works without thought. Add to this the invention of machines, that in many departments of labor do away with all skill on the part of the workman, making him in reality only a part of the machine he tends, and you see at once the tendency of his work to dwarf his manhood. The lack of exercise of mind will cause it to shrivel, and shrink and die, and he will exist, having the form of manhood and lacking the power thereof. To counteract this modern evil of automatic labor there must be fewer hours of toil and more hours devoted to such exercise and study as shall develop true manhood.

4. The responsibilities of modern citizenship make needful shorter days of labor. The wonderful growth of democratic principles, and with them the increased privileges of the laboring man make necessary a corresponding increase of time for their improvement. The granting of a privilege is worthless without opportunity to enjoy. There must also be study that they may be enjoyed intelligently or socially, or that which should be a blessing will prove a curse.

In this demand of labor for highest opportunities for development we have much to encourage us. When we look and see the distance still to be travelled, and the many difficulties in the way, I do not wonder that some grow faint-hearted. Oppression, degradation, sin, shame. No wonder we have our pessimists, who think the times were never so hard. But when we look back and see the distance already traversed—behold the rocky snow-capped mountains of difficulty already crushed, our faith grows strong, our hopes brighter and we become optimists at once. The times were never so good as to-day. Notice some contrasts. Why, in the middle of the 17th century England had parochial laws preventing the laboring man leaving his own parish. Only as he would drive "his master's wagon to the nearest market town would he ever leave his native village." "Wages were fixed by law so low that his family must be largely supported out of an allowance from the poor rate." Recall "the statute of laborers" enacted in the reign of Edward III., by which wages were fixed and vexatious regulations of various kinds imposed. By this law carpenters were to receive threepence per day, freemasons, fourpence, and their 'knaves,' one penny halfpenny. By these statutes it was also decreed that "alliances and covines of carpenters and masons were to be wholly annulled," thus preventing the formation of trade unions or other organizations for the advantage of working people. They, also, had legislation prescribing the food of servants, limiting the amount artizans could pay per yard for cloth, prescribing the length of their shoes, and other acts interfering with personal rights. Contrast that with the laboring man's condition to-day.

I believe there never was a time so fraught with blessings and full of promise to the laboring man as to-day.

While not blind to the woeful sights of modern civilization nor deaf to the cries of still suffering humanity, I yet can say:

"The good of ancient times let others state;
I think it lucky I was born so late."

But I believe that the present good is only a promise of what shall be—a kind of "first fruits of the full coming harvest." But this condition of society will be a growth. The present tree of liberty had its seed planting, and then its long years of growth. It may be in blossom now, but it will take time to mature the fruit. No fairy wand or magic speech can transform blossoms into fruit. The fruit must grow. Nevertheless, there are means by which growth may be hastened, means by which the first fruits may reach a fairer shape and richer flavor. Let us notice some of the ways by which we may hasten these blessings.

1st. And first I notice there is need of a spirit of unselfishness. Those who are seeking to uplift labor by reducing the hours of toil must seek it not for themselves alone, but for all honest toil. While there must ever be a flexibility in the application of any rule, a variation dependent upon that character of the work and special needs which for the time may change a general law, yet the principle demanding reduction of the hours of toil must be understood to be of universal application. God will not bless, society will not support a movement narrowed down to any particular class or caset. It may be necessary to work for some one special object at a time, but it should only be that you might be ready to take up another. It will not do to give the mechanic an eight hours day while the equally hard-working farmer is expected to work twelve. It is not right that the husband should go to his work at eight in the morning and return at five at night—work completed for that day—while the wife of his love whom God's minister declared to form with him the ONE of wedded life, shall go her ceaseless round of household toil from five in the morn 'till eight at night. I believe in that movement for the reduction of the hours of toil that shall reach every member of the home whether they toil in the field, the shop or at the fireside, and whether that toil be with muscle or with brain.

2. Again, the time may be hastened by proper organization. This is already being largely done and the influence of these different societies are being widely and wonderfully felt. But right here is a danger, a danger that societies organized to help the laborer shall hinder him in his struggle for his rights; danger that societies organized to secure to earth's workers greater freedom shall prove their most unrelenting and aggressive tyrants. This must be guarded against. No society has a right in personal matters to force any man's action. Each man should be free to decide and act without fear of physical harm. The only compelling permissible is that of argument that shall convince the judgment and persuade the will.

3. Again, the cause will be advanced by a right use of the leisure hours the shorter days of labor will afford. One objection made is that the leisure hours will only afford so much more time for dissipation. To meet this objection the workingmen must show by the wise use of spare hours that such objections are without foundation. A certain socialistic gathering in one of the large cities in the States had a banner on which was inscribed "Our children cry for bread." At the same gathering they had their many kegs of beer, abundant and free to all. The sympathy among the people who knew the facts for the hungry beer drinkers was not very deep. Let them get bread instead of beer for the crying children. To demand more hours for improvement while those we have are spent in dissipation is but to cause a sneer. Let them take the time now worse than wasted for improvement, will be the reply.

To gain their desire the laboring men must seek a higher degree of intelligence. To have that influence that shall "bring things to pass" demands knowledge. Say what you will, intelligence must and does rule. They have the numbers, now they can obtain the knowledge. Let the homes be filled with papers and the best of books, for to-day you can get the best as cheap as the trash so often found in laborer's homes. Let the young men have discussions of living topics of the day, and the time now spent in the saloons at cards or idly dreaming over the pipe be spent in preparing for such debate. Prepare to fill the place the privilege of the times already gives you. So shall you obtain more.

5. Again, secure righteous laws—laws that shall help you to a higher life. But to secure these laws you will need righteous law-makers. These you may have if you wish; the case lies in your own hands. In this land you are kings. You appoint the men who make the law. If the demagogue instead of the honest man represents you, if the tricky politician instead of the wise statesman sits in the legislative hall you have only yourselves to blame. The remedy is with you. Reform must begin with the reformers. We need in those who elect, that we may have in those who are elected to rule our land, a higher nobler type of manhood. This is the demand of the hour. With Holland we may say:

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And spurn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

And, lastly, you need to extend the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ if you would accomplish your purpose to elevate and ennoble the laboring man. All other means combined do not equal this. Indeed, without this, I believe all others would utterly and ignominiously fail. Work in any but Bible lands is usually considered degrading, and the worker generally oppressed. In no place that I know outside of gospel lanes has there been an uplifting of the working man. It is where the teachings of the gospel of Christ have been observed that the sorrows of earth's laborers have been assuaged. It is where the example of Jesus Christ has been followed that earth's laborers have been ennobled.

The humane institutions—the asylums, the hospitals, the houses of refuge, the homes for the aged, all such are only found in Christian lands, and have, with few exceptions, been founded and sustained by professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. The men who have been leaders in those great movements in the past for the uplifting of earth's workers have been those who professed to follow the teachings of Christ. Such men today are standard bearers of the laborers in their battle for their rights. I might give example of men in the past like Samuel Morley, of the capitalists who so worked for the interest of the laboring man to get them better homes and higher wages and increased privileges under the law that he was called "the laboring man's friend;" of Geo. Peabody, an American by birth, who devoted nearly all his wealth to the wants of the humble ones of earth. I might speak of a Gladstone, of a Lincoln, of a Garfield, who in political life had devoted time and wealth of mind to the betterment of those who work. I might refer to Christian men, men of wealth, who by their Christian conduct are showing how labor and capital can live in peace when governed by the spirit of Christian good. I refer to such men as Pillabae, of Minnesota, Estley and Fairlunbt, of Vermont, men I know who employ large numbers of workmen and yet have no strikes. Why, the Bible from beginning to end is full of lessons on this. The Old Testament had its enactments of law for the benefit of the laborer. Lev. 25-14 "Thow shalt not oppress one another." Deut. 23-16, the servant that escapes from his master, "Thou shalt not oppress him." Deut. 24-14, "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethern or of thy strangers that are in thy land within thy gates."

The New Testament is still more emphatic in its teaching. If the directions to servants and masters were followed we should have no labor trouble. Why, the golden rule of our Saviour alone would settle all disputes. I tell you these great questions never will be settled, and settled right, until settled according to the word of God. Not the cross bones is the sign by which labor will get its rights, but the cross; and I believe this time will come, for I believe in the promises of God and the power of the gospel to win its way. I believe the first fruits we now enjoy is the assurance of the full harvest when the gospel, not according to Edward Bellamy, has sway and every man, woman and child becomes a part of a vast complex racial machine, but when the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, with its "peace on earth and good will towards men," has universal reign. Then will individual responsibility be recognized and the equal rights of every man to a fair chance to develop all that is good and noble in his being, be secured to him by righteous laws. Then society will be so organized as to help, rather than hinder, well doing, to lift up the fallen instead of striking down the upright; in short, the teachings and example of Christ become incarnated in human life. To us remains the work of hastening that good time. Let us be faithful to our duties. Let us inquire.

What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face onward!
Look where the light fringes the far-rising slope.
Day cometh onward.
Watch tho' so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying:
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

VISITING PHILADELPHIA SURGEONS.

A Pleasure Trip Over the Northern Pacific Railway in Adelaide Patti's Palace Car "Coronet."

Among the arrivals from Seattle by the Olympian, last evening, were a party of Philadelphia surgeons: Dr. S. D. Risley, Dr. R. G. Curtin, Dr. J. B. Walker and Dr. Risley's two sons, Masters Arthur D. and J. Norman Risley, of Philadelphia, and Dr. L. French, of Davenport, Iowa.

The party left Philadelphia July 30, and on arriving at Chicago went aboard the Pullman car "Coronet," which was specially built for Mme Patti, and in which she made her trip across the continent and to Mexico. This same car was used a short time ago by Russell B. Harrison and the Frank Leslie party in making a tour west. The car bears the monogram of Patti in many places, and is magnificently carved and adorned, the woodwork being inlaid with pearl and ivory. Her boudoir is furnished most extravagantly, the bedding being silk and the couches set crosswise of the car and folded back of large plate mirrors. Chairs, sofas and bric-a-brac are scattered around the car, and are all in keeping with their rich surroundings. Even Patti's Steinway piano remains in the car.

The party of doctors enjoyed to the full their elegant quarters, and propose to have a delightful Western trip. From Chicago they went to St. Paul and spent a day, then to Livingstone and Yellowstone park, where they remained five days. They then returned to Helena and spent a day. Butte, Anaconda and Garrison were also visited, and at the latter point they were the guests of Marcus Daly, the Montana mine-owner, who showed the party through the Anaconda Mining and Smelting company's premises, afterward accompanying them to his ranch at Riverside, where his stud of thoroughbred horses was admired. A day was spent fishing, and shooting grouse in the Bitterroot River valley with Col. Estey of Anaconda. The party was met at several points by James McCaig of the Northern Pacific. The trip was continued through the Cascade range, stopping at the large cities, and arrived in Tacoma Sunday.

The party are registered at the Clarence, and will spend to-day visiting the principal points of interest in and around Victoria.

From Victoria the party of surgeons will go to Portland. They will then visit Umatilla, Salt Lake City, Boise and Shoshone Falls, going from there to Denver, where they will attend the Clinogical society, which convenes there September 2nd. Dr. French is secretary and Dr. Curtin is a member of the executive committee of the society. The physicians and citizens of Denver have arranged for the liberal entertainment of the society's members when the session closes. The party will then return over the Union Pacific, visiting Omaha or Kansas City, and will spend a few days with Dr. French in Davenport, Iowa.

A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING.

The Veteran Wrecker, Captain Whitelaw, Adds Another to the List of His Clever Achievements.

Captain Whitelaw has performed a feat of no small difficulty in the raising of the steamer Etta White. She went down in a nasty spot, and the miracle is that her hull sustained not the slightest damage. "She went down in ten fathoms of water," said the captain of the Whitelaw, yesterday, "on the edge of Tottingham ledge, Welcome channel. She seems to have gone up on the rock bow foremost, forcing her stern under water and causing her to fill from that end. When the wrecking steamer Whitelaw arrived, she searched for the sunken vessel from four o'clock in the afternoon till eight o'clock at night, but without success. Bright and early next morning the search was recommenced and, after some cruising, found the rock on which the Etta White struck. The precaution was taken to anchor a buoy on this reef so as to prevent the possibility of the Whitelaw's striking on it. A little searching revealed the sunken vessel. A diver was sent down, and he made a line fast to the bow and stern. Owing to the nature of the bottom being rocky, it was a comparatively easy matter to run a line under her keel, by which chains and pennants were got through, which enabled the Whitelaw to raise her. After having passed sufficient gear under her to enable the Whitelaw to raise her, everything was got in readiness. Finding that there was some risk of injuring the vessel from raising her by the Whitelaw alone, as she was lying on her beam ends, Captain Whitelaw proceeded to Vancouver, where he procured a large derrick, and with this on one side and his own steamer on the other, he successfully raised the Etta White to an upright position in shallow enough water, so that when the tide receded her decks were left quite dry and the pumps were set to work. She was freed of water another hour afterwards. High water enabled us to float her again off the beach, when she was taken in tow for Moodyville. On the way down steam was got up, and her engines turned over for half an hour, when everything was found in first-class order."

The Etta White was delivered to the people to whom she was consigned, and they expressed their pleasure and satisfaction at Captain Whitelaw's success. The task was about as difficult a one as this veteran wrecker has attacked, but he always comes out successful from the most unpromising undertaking. Had he been allowed to come to the Burhard Castle in time he would have saved a valuable ship for her owners instead of making a risky investment in an old hulk for himself.

Four Years in Sawyerville.

"FOR four years I had pimples and sores breaking out on my hands and face caused by bad blood. Medicine from the doctor was tried without avail, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am well."—MISS MABEL LINDSAY, Sawyerville, Quebec.

MIND SUPERSEDES INSTINCT.

How Man Has Lost Many Gifts Possessed by the Lower Animals.

If the doctrine be true that man is really the heir of all the various species and genera of the animal kingdom, it seems a little hard upon us, says the American Analyst, that even by way of exception we inherit none of the most marvelous instincts of those species and genera, and have to be content with those greater but purely human faculties by which even the most wonderful of animal instincts have been somehow extinguished. Sir John Lubbock maintains with a good deal of plausibility that there are insects, and very likely even higher animals, which perceive colors of which we have no glimpse and hear sounds which are to us inaudible. Yet we never hear of a human retina that includes in its vision those colors depending on vibrations of the ether which are too slow or too rapid for our ordinary eyes, nor of a human ear which is entranced with music that to the great majority of our species is absolutely inaudible.

Again, we never hear of a human being who could perform the feat, of which we were told only recently, of a bloodhound. In a dark night it followed up for three miles the trail of a thief with whom the bloodhound could have never been in contact (he had just purloined some rolls of tan from the tanyard in which the dog was chained up), and finally sat down under the tree in which the man had taken refuge. Why, we wonder, are those finer powers for discriminating and following the track of the scent which so many of the lower animals possess entirely extinguished in man, if man be the real heir of all the various genera which show power inferior to his own?

We see no trace in animals of that high enjoyment of the finer scents which make the blossoming of the spring flowers so great a delight to human beings, and yet men are entirely destitute of that almost unerring power of tracking the path of an odor, which seems to be one of the principal gifts of many quadrupeds and some birds. It is the same with the power of a dog or cat to find its way back to a home to which it is attached, but from which it has been taken by a route that it can not possibly follow on its return, even if it had the power of observing that route, which usually it has not. Nothing could be more convenient than such a power to a lost child. But no one ever heard of any child who possessed it.

Still more enviable is that instinct possessed by so many birds of crossing great tracts of land and sea without apparently any landmarks or seamarks to guide them, and of reaching a quarter of the globe which many of them have never visited before, while those who have visited it before have not visited it often enough to learn the way—at least by any rule which, in like circumstances, would be of any use to human intelligence. The migratory birds must certainly be in possession of either senses or instincts entirely beyond the range of human imagination, and yet no one ever heard of the survival of such a sense of instinct in any member of our race. It may be said, indeed, that men have either inherited or reproduced the slave-making instinct of some of the military ants, though that unfortunate and degrading instinct does not appear to have been inherited by any of the higher animals which intervene between the insects and our own race; but this only enhances the irony of our destiny if we do, indeed, in any sense inherit from these insect artistocracies one of the most disastrous instincts of the audacious but indolent creatures which fight so much better than they work. If we have not inherited the architectural instincts of bees or beavers, nor the spinning instincts of spiders, nor the power of the dog to track out his home, it is a little sad that we should have inherited the one disastrous instinct of the ant by which it makes itself dependent on a more timid and industrious species of its own race, and thereby loses the power to help itself.

What is still more curious is that even where human beings have wholly exceptional and unheard-of powers they betray no traces of the exceptional and unheard-of powers of the racers whose vital organization we are said to inherit. The occasional appearance of very rare mathematical powers, for instance, so far from being in any sense explicable from below, looks much more like inspiration from above. The calculating boy who could not even give any account of the process whereby he arrived at correct results which the educated mathematician took some time to verify, certainly was not reviving in himself any of the rare powers of the lower tribes of animals. Nor do the prodigies in music who show such marvelous power in infancy recall to us any instinct of the bird, the only musical creature except ourselves. Still less, of course, does great moral genius—the genius of a Howard or a Clarkson—suggest any reminiscence of what happens in the world of animal life.

Draughts not Dangerous.

The danger from draughts is largely exaggerated, says a writer in London Lancet. When a person is not overheated there is nothing so dangerous in an influx of air. It is far better to sit in a slight draught than to breathe impure air. The writer says: "I know of two men who sit in their shirt-sleeves all day under an open window during winter in a northern climate. They are never sick. When they leave the office others come on and work with the windows closed. These latter are always complaining of colds and throat and lung troubles."

Bible Written in Shorthand.

There are many curious copies of the Bible in the various collections of Europe and America, but it is doubtful if there is a duplicate for the one belonging to Dr. R. T. Williams of London in all the collections in the world. This odd copy of Holy Writ is written in shorthand and is complete throughout. It was written by an apprentice who was suspicious of James II.'s intentions regarding Protestantism. If deprived of his printed copy, he hoped to have the little shorthand volume left.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A Conversation Overheard by an Omaha Newspaper Man.

Coming down to Omaha the following dialogue was overheard by an Omaha Republican reporter:

"Hello, Aleck! 's that you?"

"Yes, what's left; these hard times?"

"Times is hard. Where are you livin'?"

"Up north; where are you?"

"Out west. Do you remember the good times we used to have down on the old Missouri bottom, years ago?"

"Yes, I remember the good times; wish I had 'em now."

"Feller got somethin' for somethin', then."

"Yes, money or trade."

"Lq's see! What was wheat one year down there?"

"In the spring of 1868, I think, you got $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) a bushel for some."

"Yes, and corn was worth one dollar a bushel, eh?"

"Sometimes corn brought one dollar a bushel in those years; there was not much to sell in Nebraska, though; we imported corn."

"Don't care, I sold some at one dollar; wish I could now; them were good times."

"Things were high, then."

"Potatoes was two dollars a bushel one spring. When we went to town then we got somethin'."

"Yes, we got somethin' when we went to town, sure."

"Remember the sorrel colt you sold me turned out such a runner?"

"Yes."

"And how we used to come up to the old store Saturday afternoons and run ponies for plugs of tobacco? There was fun those times."

"Lots of it."

"We used to go to mill forty miles, remember; but when we got there we got somethin' for our wheat, got our little old flour and feed out, and had money to buy groceries with—dollar a bushel any way, can't do that now?"

"Wheat is down, and so are the farmers, and butter as such. Butter fifty cents a pound, take a little pail in of a mornin', and you get somethin'. Eggs, too, twenty-five and thirty cents and even forty cents a dozen often. Them was good times."

"When we make money, it's good times, and when we don't it's bad times."

"Well, what makes times, any way? There wasn't a railroad in the country then, was there?"

"No, there was not a railroad this side of the Missouri in the days you speak of."

"And times was good, and we got somethin' for all our truck, didn't we?"

"Yes, for all you had."

"And there wasn't no railroads in the country. Darn the railroads, they've busted us all up."

MARK TWAIN'S PRANKS.

A Peculiar Custom of the Humorist at His Home in Hartford.

Whenever Mark Twain has a large dinner party at his home in Hartford, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser, particularly when he has any Englishmen for guests, he is in the habit, it is said, of rising at what he considers the proper moment, without any warning or explanation and beginning a set speech of a humorous kind. He usually occupies from fifteen to twenty minutes and does his best to entertain and tickle his auditors. Sometimes his efforts, always premeditated and carefully prepared, are highly successful; sometimes they are not. Humor can not be fabricated to order. But they are invariably laughed at, of course. It is an absolute requirement of common politeness that they should be, when a host demands laughter as a return for hospitality. Twain likes to be regarded as eccentric and original; and this is unquestionably original. No man that I have ever heard of, either here or abroad, regularly makes formal speeches at his own table, especially without premonition. Twain evidently thinks he has a reputation to sustain and he sustains it in the extraordinary manner described. He might be funny, if he chose, while keeping his seat; the position would not mar his fun. But that would not be sufficiently emphatic to suit him, so he prefers to impress his guests with a full consciousness of his premeditated determination to do something worthy of the occasion. It may be that he is thus seeking to advertise himself by his postprandial harangues—a disposition with which he is sometimes credited. Doing the thing in that way is in itself so comical that I should hope, however preposterous his jests might be, to say any thing half so good.

HE SOLD HIS TEETH.

Having Nothing to Eat They Were of No Use to Their Owner.

A South street pawnbroker was amazed on Saturday when a poorly-dressed man walked in and, putting his right hand to his mouth, drew forth a nice-looking set of false teeth, which he laid on the counter, says the Philadelphia North American.

"Well, what is it?" gasped the pawnbroker, when he recovered his breath.

"What can I get on 'em?" said the man, carelessly nodding toward the teeth.

"What! on your teeth?"

"Yes, on my teeth."

"Why, man, you won't be able to eat."

"I know that."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, perfectly. I can't get any thing to eat. Consequently my teeth are of no use to me. 'Tis true I might keep them for ornamental purposes, but being a poor man I can't afford that. Then, again, when I get angry I might indicate that such was the fact by 'showing my teeth,' but alas! that doesn't pay, either."

As the shades of night began to fall the two, the pawnbroker and the man, were still negotiating, the man trying to argue the superior quality of the molars and the pawnbroker persuasively proving that teeth were really a drug in the market.

RAMBLING IN THE WOODS.

A City Man's Return to the Scenes of His Childhood.

It was a hot, cloudless day in August. A gentle breeze was stirring, and, sitting on the little back porch of the old farm-house and looking across a vista of yellow stubble-fields to the dark line of woods, nearly half a mile away, I could see the tops of the tallest trees swaying gently, and could almost, I fancied, hear the faint rustling of their leaves, of the music of which I have ever, since a child, been over-fond, writes Ed R. Pritchard, in the Arkansaw Traveler.

It had been three years since I had visited the old farm, three long years of toil at the desk, amid the noise and busy strife of a great metropolis, and this was my first day of a short week's vacation at the old home, among the friends of my boyhood days and the scenes of the happiest years of my life.

I had reached the farm about ten o'clock in the morning, and, after a bounteous dinner at noon, was sitting on the porch, the coolest place, as I well knew, about the house, feasting my eyes on the dear old landscape that I had known so long, and which, during all the years that I had been away from it, was always a charming picture that, though paradoxical it may sound, I had only to shut my eyes to see at will.

I must get to those woods, and that at once. No matter that the afternoon August sun was sending down his fiercest rays, no matter that I must walk half a mile across stubble-fields, which, from where I sat, I could see were almost quivering with heat, I know what sweet, familiar sounds I shall hear, what a refreshing coolness and quiet I shall find when I have reached their green and shady depths. Even while I am thinking of these things, a solitary crow with a loud "caw! caw!" flies swiftly over the stubble-fields, high in air, and lighting on the top of a huge oak sends forth a series of exultant "caws!" to his mates whom he has left in the orchard back of the barn. To me he seems to say to them: "There are no hens' nests in that old straw-stack. Why stay over there in that hot, broiling sun? Come over here into these grand old woods. Hard by is the creek, and I know a dark and shady pool where we can bathe, and below it a shining, singing ripple, where we can wade and play to our hearts' content."

Evidently, they understood the meaning of his cries, for a moment later a bevy of the black and saucy rascals go scurrying across the fields and join him, where they all set up a perfect chorus of "caws!" which I take to be expressions of approval of their companion's suggestion.

Hastily divesting myself of coat and vest, for in the country it is no breach of etiquette "to go in your shirt sleeves," I step into the hall and take from the rack a wide-brimmed straw hat, and after a brief stop at the old spring-house at the foot of the hill, I am off, as the crows fly, across fields for the woods.

On reaching them I find I am sweating profusely. What? You say sweating is vulgar, I should say perspiring? Well, no matter. I know I am heated and flushed, but I never felt better. The air is pure and sweet, the birds are singing in the woods on the borders of the little stream, and now as I pause to mop my dripping face I hear a woodpecker beating his lively tattoo on an old beech stub and chirp, chirp comes from a saucy little ground squirrel as he streaks it like a flash of russet light along the rails of the old fence near which I am standing. I shy a rock at him, out of pure wantonness, and am murderous enough to wish I had a gun with which to take a crack at that wily old wood-pecker, who has, on catching sight of me, slyly slipped around to the other side of the old beech stub, where I can still hear him pecking away as busy as a nailer.

I hastily scramble over the fence, and five minutes later I stand under the thick shade of the wide-spreading branches of a grand old beech tree and on the edge of a steep bluff, at whose base runs the turbulent but romantic Little Wild-Cat creek. I throw myself down on the grass, which is here so luxuriant that it is softer than the heaviest carpet, and there I lie for half an hour idly listening to the soft and indescribable music of the waters below. Then, having cooled off, I go down to the water's edge and deliberately disrobe and—"go in swimmin'." Mind, I don't say bathing, for I had no bathing suit, I just did as we boys used to do years ago—"just stripped off and went in swimmin'." You see, there was nobody there to look except the birds and the squirrels and an old blackwater snake which I caught sunning himself out on a rock at the water's edge, and which I ruthlessly killed with a club.

How I did enjoy that swim, that frolic all by myself in the water! Tired of that, I continued my stroll until a coolness of the air and rapidly-deepening shadows warned me that it was time to turn my face homeward.

When I reached the house I made a discovery, and that was that while in swimming I had done just as I had often done before when a boy—had sunburned both shoulders into blisters, one on each the size of my hand. Then, too, as in days long agone, a liberal application of sweet cream was given and I went to bed with the chickens, was up with the birds and the next day was able to go squirrel-hunting and had a glorious time. But of all my brief vacation days I shall not soon forget that afternoon's ramble in the woods.

The Worst Form of Slavery.

To do wrong, or, what is the same thing, to refrain from doing right, when the time for action arrives, because we are afraid of what other people may say or think, is the worst form of slavery. To break such bonds we need a deeper consecration to truth and duty. We may admit all the arguments against such bondage, and yet fail to escape from it; but, if we are faithful and loyal to the good and the right—if in our inmost heart we love and honor them above all things—we shall find our [illegible]